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Miscellany.

FROM THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

ON THE PERIODICAL LITERATURE OF GREAT BRITAIN, MORE ESPECIALLY OF THE PRESENT DAY.

(Continued from p. 365.)

It was not till towards the close of the last century, that the periodical press of Great Britain began to assume a complexion decidedly political. In this, however, it was not leading, but following in the wake of public opinion. The first American war, and the questions it gave rise to, excited an uncommon degree of interest both in the senate and the nation at large. Every where the popular feeling was loudly expressed for or against the measures of administration with respect to the colonies. The press followed, and lent its powerful aid to the partisans of each of the two great parties into which the state was then, and still continues to be, divided. The ministry, glad to find support by whatever means, were not unwilling to display their *generosity* to a band of hireling writers, whose business it was to defend the measures of their masters, and heap abuse on all who had the courage or honesty to question their propriety. To vindicate themselves from the aspersions of those venal scribes, and expose what they conceived the ruinous policy of their employers, the friends of American liberty had recourse, in their turn, to the agency of the press.

Thus, while the armies of England were employed in an inglorious, and, finally, unsuccessful crusade against the liberties of America, their fellow citizens at home were engaged with no less zeal, and hardly less bitterness, in a sort of literary civil warfare, of which liberty also was the object. The newspapers, hitherto little more than dry registers of public events, now teemed with *reflections*, embodying and recommending the political principles of their editors. The example of the daily press was speedily followed by the literary magazines, reviews, and periodical journals of almost every description, which ranged themselves on the one side or the other, as interest or principle dictated, propagating and defending the tenets of their respective parties.

Such was the state of feeling in this country when the French revolution first broke out. That mighty event, the effects of which are not yet perhaps fully developed, was hailed by one half of mankind as the harbinger of a new and better order of things, and dreaded and detested by the other as a moral plague, that was to destroy all social institutions,

and introduce universal anarchy and confusion. No where, however, did it produce a more powerful impression than in our own island. The public mind might be said to have been absorbed in it. All ranks of men not only thought, but felt for or against it. Its principles, its progress, its tendency, its proscriptions, massacres, and murders, were the constant theme of conversation. None were found hardy enough to justify the excesses to which it unfortunately led, but there were many, who, while they lamented its horrors, approved of its principle, and wished it success. In short, popular feeling was roused to the utmost stretch of intensity. Meanwhile, a spirit of republicanism seemed fast gaining ground. Liberty and equality, the Shibboleth of the revolutionists on the continent, were echoed with rapturous enthusiasm by thousands, and tens of thousands, from one end of the island to the other; and without some prompt and decisive measure, it was evident a crisis was at hand. To prevent, therefore, the spread of jacobinical notions, and overawe their abettors, the whole force and authority of government soon became necessary. In Ireland the flames of rebellion were already kindled, and it was generally apprehended, that nothing but a spark was wanting to kindle them at home.

While men's minds were thus agitated, and their passions heated, it certainly ought not to astonish us, that mere literature, formal criticism, and calm dispassionate dissertations on life and manners, should appear dull and insipid to the majority of the reading public. In fact, there was an absolute impatience of moral maxims and sober precept. Even that more popular species of writing addressed to the imagination failed to arrest attention. Nothing was listened to that had not a reference, more or less direct, to the great principles and events of the day. Nothing else would *take*, nothing else would *go down*. And the writer who wished to be read, or even tolerated, was obliged, whatever might be his individual taste, to sacrifice largely to the taste of that tribunal before which he chose to appear. There was no necessity, indeed, for his sacrificing his political opinions, but there was a necessity for his expressing, with energy and decision, those which he held. Nor was this necessity confined to the newspapers, and works professedly political; it extended, in no inconsiderable degree, to periodical publications of almost every description. Not a country magazine that did not find it convenient to take its side, and avow its tenets, while the more eminent publications then existing, or since set on foot, were soon as much distinguished by their party feelings, and attachment to a certain system of politics, as by the talent and ability with which they were conducted.

The same remarks will apply, and perhaps even more forcibly, to all the subsequent periodical writings of the kind mentioned, down till the present day, and in all probability will continue to do so for a long time to come. The recent revolutions in favour of liberty in so many countries of Europe—the emancipation of the South American colonies, (for their emancipation is now no longer problematical,)—and, above all, the spirit of bold and independent thinking peculiar to the age—afford a moral certainty that the day is yet far distant when politics, in the extended sense of the term, shall cease to interest a British public.

It remains to consider the effect which periodical literature, as at present conducted, is calculated to produce on the learning and morals of the country.

That it is favourable to the interests of learning, cannot, we think, admit of a doubt. It makes knowledge accessible to the very lowest orders of the community. By means of monthly and quarterly publica-

tions in a cheap and commodious form, the discoveries of the learned in the different departments of the arts and sciences are made known, explained, and illustrated to thousands, who would otherwise never have heard of them. They keep alive a taste for reading among the people, which is often of more advantage than the value of the information they contain. They are favourable to the cultivation of the intellectual powers, by continually presenting new subjects of reflection, and new topics of conversation to persons whose range of ideas is necessarily limited. They bring down knowledge to the level of ordinary understandings, serving as a medium of communication between the professed philosopher and man of science on the one hand, and the practical man of business, and the industrious mechanic and laborious artizan on the other. It is not their object, nor do they pretend, to make their readers perfect masters of every subject they treat, or to render them profound scholars and philosophers; but they do what is of far more importance. They make them all more or less enlightened,—they remove absolute ignorance, gross prejudices, and increase the aggregate of national intelligence, on which, let it be remembered, national happiness and improvement depend: for it signifies little how many erudite critics or linguists, or how many able divines or lawyers, or how many eminent poets or painters, a country can boast, if the mass of its population be in a state of abject ignorance. Perhaps England could reckon as many men of profound skill and genius in the arts and sciences a century ago as she can at the present time; yet it will hardly be denied that the general talent, and the intellectual attainments, of the nation, are, beyond all comparison, greater now than in the days of George the First.

After this, it would be a mere waste of time and words to attempt to remove the prejudices (for they can scarcely be called arguments) which are sometimes entertained against the publications in question. It has been alleged, for instance, that they tend to encourage habits of indolence—to make knowledge extremely vague and superficial—and, worst of all, to flatter the vanity of every smatterer in learning, who is apt to imagine he can attain all that is necessary of any subject in a single evening, by merely glancing over at his leisure some dozen pages of a manageable octavo, hot from the press, and neatly done up in a blue or yellow cover. It should be remembered, however, that all this, supposing it to happen, is but an incidental evil—the abuse of a good thing. If a student, from laziness, or whatever cause, satisfy himself with a popular review of a work, when he should have consulted and studied the work itself, there is no help for it. A student who deserves the name will not satisfy himself so easily; if he do, there are ten chances to one, that, but for the review, he would have remained ignorant of the subject altogether. But that is not the question. Periodical publications are principally designed, not for students, but for the people; and if, as we have endeavoured to show, they have contributed more, perhaps, than any thing else to enlighten and instruct, as far as their education and circumstances will permit, the great body of the people, we may well console ourselves for the vanity of a few self-conceited sciolists and shallow pretenders.

The same arguments that establish the beneficial influence of the periodical press on the literature, are equally conclusive of its good effects on the morals of a country. Indeed, whatever is favourable to the one, is, generally speaking, favourable in the same degree to the other. What enlightens the mind improves it. Ignorance is the mother, not only of devotion, but superstition. Mental prejudices generate practical errors,

and knowledge, though it may be perverted for a time, directs its possessor, in the end, to right conduct.

The greater part of the periodical press of Great Britain is at this moment so much engrossed with politics, or with the discussion of questions and controversies connected with politics, that it is exceedingly difficult to assign the precise amount of influence it is calculated to exert on the moral feelings of the nation. In the days of Addison and Johnson, that influence could be determined at once simply by a perusal of their papers. They were professed teachers of morals, and discoursed directly on the subject. But this is not the age of practical essays. Not one in a hundred of our periodical journals makes it its business directly to influence the religious sentiments or moral conduct of its readers. The influence they exert, therefore, is only indirect and accidental, unknown, at least unstudied, by the writers, and not thought of by their readers. Yet it is not, for all that, the less real. The spirit they breathe, the nature of the subjects they discuss, and, above all, the tone and temper they display towards those who differ from them, insensibly, but powerfully, affect the opinions and habits of the people.

If we look at the temper some of our periodical journals display towards one another in the various controversies they have occasion to discuss, we shall be obliged to confess that it is not the most conciliating. There is an impatience of contradiction, a sort of fretful irritation, discoverable in their discussions, that too often betrays them into a degree of warmth unbecoming inquirers after truth. Were that warmth always confined to the mere attack and defence of principles and opinions, however undignified in literary men, the evil would be less. But, unfortunately, it has, in some instances, carried them farther. It has led them to attack persons as well as opinions. Argument has been exchanged for invective. The exercise of cool judgment has yielded to the display of angry feeling. Public edification has been postponed to the gratification of private revenge, and thinking men have beheld with astonishment, mingled with regret, talents capable of instructing and pleasing mankind, employed in a warfare in which victory could gain no laurels, nor defeat incur additional disgrace.

We feel strongly disposed to say more on this subject. It is every way important, and demands more attention than has hitherto been paid to it. In the mean time, our limits will only permit us to remark, that the cure of the evil lies with that public which is itself the greatest sufferer. Let the *silent* disapprobation of public opinion (more effectual than a thousand voices) be pronounced against it—let it only be treated with the *neglect* it deserves—and one of the greatest nuisances of modern literature will disappear.

FROM THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

THE TWO RACES OF MEN.

The human species, according to the best theory I can form of it, is composed of two distinct races, *the men who borrow*, and *the men who lend*. To these two original diversities may be reduced all those impertinent classifications of Gothic and Celtic tribes, white men, black men, red men. All the dwellers upon earth, "Parthians and Medes and Elamites," flock hither, and do naturally fall in with one or other of these primary distinctions. The infinite superiority of the former, which I choose to designate as the *great race*, is discernible in their figure, port, and a certain instinctive sovereignty. The latter are born degraded.

"He shall serve his brethren." There is something in the air of one of this cast, lean, and suspicious; contrasting with the open, trusting, generous manners of the other.

Observe who have been the greatest borrowers of all ages—Alcibiades—Falstaff—Sir Richard Steele—our late incomparable Brinsley—what a family likeness in all four!

What a careless even deportment hath your borrower! what rosy gills! what a beautiful reliance on Providence doth he manifest,—taking no more thought than lilies! What contempt for money,—accounting it (yours and mine especially) no better than dross! What a liberal confounding of those pedantic distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*! or rather, what a noble simplification of language (beyond Tooke), resolving these supposed opposites into one clear intelligible pronoun adjective!—What near approaches doth he make to the primitive *community*,—to the extent of one half of the principle at least!—

He is the true taxer who "calleth all the world up to be taxed;" and the distance is as vast between him and *one of us*, as subsisted betwixt the *Augustan Majesty*, and the poorest *obolary Jew* that paid it tribute pittance at Jerusalem!—His exactions too have such a cheerful, voluntary air! So far removed from your sour parochial or state gatherers,—those ink-horn varlets, who carry their want of welcome in their faces! He cometh to you with a smile, and troubleth you with no receipt; confining himself to no set season. Every day is his Candlemas, or his Feast of Holy Michael. He applieth the *lene tormentum* of a pleasant look to your purse,—which to that gentle warmth expands her silken leaves, as naturally as the cloak of the traveller, for which sun and wind contended! He is the true Propontic which never ebbeth! the sea which taketh handsomely at each man's hand. In vain the victim, whom he delighteth to honour, struggles with destiny; he is in the net. Lend therefore cheerfully, O man ordained to lend—that thou lose not in the end, with thy worldly penny, the reversion promised. Combine not preposterously in thine own person the penalties of Lazarus and of Dives!—but, when thou seest the proper authority coming, meet it smilingly, as it were half-way. Come, a handsome sacrifice! See how light *he* makes of it! Strain not courtesies with a noble enemy.

Reflections like the foregoing were forced upon my mind by the death of my old friend Ralph Bigod, esq., who departed this life on Wednesday evening; dying, as he had lived, without much trouble. He boasted himself a descendant from mighty ancestors of that name, who heretofore held ducal dignities in this realm. In his actions and sentiments he belied not the stock to which he pretended. Early in life he found himself invested with ample revenues; which, with that noble disinterestedness which I have noticed as inherent in men of the *great race*, he took almost immediate measures entirely to dissipate and bring to nothing: for there is something revolting in the idea of a king holding a private purse; and the thoughts of Bigod were all regal. Thus furnished, by the very act of disfurnishment; getting rid of the cumbersome luggage of riches, more apt (as one sings)

TO SLACKEN VIRTUE, AND ABATE HER EDGE,
THAN PROMPT HER TO DO AUGHT MAY MERIT PRAISE,

he set forth, like some Alexander, upon his great enterprise, "borrowing, and to borrow."

In his periegesis, or triumphant progress throughout this island, it has been calculated that he laid a tythe part of the inhabitants under contri-

bution. I reject this estimate as greatly exaggerated:—but having had the honour of accompanying my friend, divers times, in his perambulations about this vast city, I own I was greatly struck at first with the prodigious number of faces we met, who claimed a sort of respectful acquaintance with us. He was one day so obliging as to explain the phenomenon. It seems, these were his tributaries; feeders of his exchequer; gentlemen, his good friends (as he was pleased to express himself), to whom he had occasionally been beholden for a loan. Their multitudes did no way disconcert him. He rather took a pride in numbering them; and, with Comus, seemed pleased to be “stocked with so fair a herd.”

With such sources, it was a wonder how he contrived to keep his treasury always empty. He did it by force of an aphorism, which he had often in his mouth, that “money kept longer than three days stinks.” So he made use of it while it was fresh. A good part he drank away (for he was an excellent toss-pot), some he gave away, the rest he threw away, literally tossing and hurling it violently from him—as boys do burrs, or as if it had been infectious,—into ponds, or ditches, or deep holes,—inscrutable cavities of the earth;—or he would bury it, (where he would never seek it again) by a river’s side under some bank, which (he would facetiously observe) paid no interest—but out of way from him it must go peremptorily, as Hagar’s offspring into the wilderness, while it was sweet. He never missed it. The streams were perennial which fed his fisc. When new supplies became necessary, the first person that had the felicity to fall in with him, friend or stranger, was sure to contribute to the deficiency. For Bigod had an *undeniable* way with him. He had a cheerful, open exterior, a quick jovial eye, a bald forehead, just touched with grey (*cana fides*). He anticipated no excuse, and found none. And, waiving for a while my theory as to the *great race*, I would put it to the most untheorising reader, who may at times have disposeable coin in his pocket, whether it is not more repugnant to the kindness of his nature, to refuse such a one as I am describing, than to say *no* to a poor petitionary rogue (your bastard borrower), who by his mumping visnomy tells you, that he expects nothing better; and, therefore, whose preconceived notions and expectations you do in reality so much less shock in the refusal.

When I think of this man; his fiery glow of heart; his swell of feeling; how magnificent, how *ideal* he was; how great at the midnight hour; and when I compare with him the companions, with whom I have associated since; I grudge the saving of a few idle ducats, and think that I am fallen into the society of *lenders*, and *little men*.

To one like Elia, whose treasures are rather cased in leather covers, than closed in iron coffers, there is a class of alienators more formidable than that which I have touched upon; I mean, your *borrowers of books*—those mutilators of collections, spoilers of the symmetry of shelves, and creators of odd volumes. There is Comberbatch, matchless in his depredations!

That foul gap in the bottom shelf facing you, like a great eye-tooth knocked out—(you are now with me in my little back study in Bloomsbury, reader!)—with the huge Switzer-like tomes on each side (like the Guildhall giants, in their reformed posture, guarding of nothing (once held the tallest of my folios) *Opera Bonaventuræ*, choice and massy divinity), to which its two supporters (school divinity also, but of a lesser calibre,—Bellarmine, and Holy Thomas), showed but as dwarfs,—itself an Ascapart!—that Comberbatch abstracted upon the faith of a theory he holds, which is more easy, I confess, for me to suffer by than to refute,

namely, that "the title to property in a book, (my Bonaventure, for instance), is in exact ratio to a person's powers of understanding and appreciating the same." Should he go on acting upon this theory, which of our shelves is safe?

The slight vacuum in the left hand case—two shelves from the ceiling—scarcely distinguishable but by the quick eye of a loser—was whilom the commodious resting place of Browne on Urn Burial. C. will hardly allege that he knows more about that treatise than I do, who introduced it to him, and was indeed the first (of the moderns) to discover its beauties—but so have I known a foolish lover to praise his mistress in the presence of a rival more qualified to carry her off than himself. Just below, Dodsley's dramas want their fourth volume, where Vittoria Corombona is! The remainder nine are as distasteful as Priam's refuse sons, when the Fates borrowed Hector. Here stood the Anatomy of Melancholy, in sober state.—There loitered the Complete Angler; quietly as in life, by some stream side.—In yonder nook, John Bunclé, a widower volume, with "eyes closed," mourns his ravished mate.

One justice I must do my friend, that if he sometimes, like the sea, sweeps away a treasure; at another time, sea-like, he throws up as rich an equivalent to match it. I have a small under collection of this nature (my friend's gatherings in his various calls), picked up, he has forgotten at what odd places; and deposited, with as little memory at mine. I take in these orphans, the twice-deserted. These proselytes of the gate are welcome as the true Hebrews. There they stand in conjunction; natives, and naturalized. The latter seem as little disposed to inquire out their true lineage, as I am. I charge no warehouse room for these deodands, nor shall ever put myself to the ungentlemanly trouble of advertising a sale of them to pay expenses.

To lose a volume to C. carries some sense and meaning in it. You are sure that he will make one hearty meal on your viands, if he can give no account of the platter after it. But what moved thee, wayward, spiteful ** to be so importunate to carry off with thee, in spite of tears and adjurations to thee to forbear, the letters of that princely woman, the thrice noble Margaret Newcastle?—knowing at the time, and knowing that I knew also, thou most assuredly would'st never turn over one leaf of the illustrious folio:—what but the mere spirit of contradiction, and childish love of getting the better of thy friend?—Then, worst cut of all! to transport it with thee to the Gallican land—

Unworthy land to harbour such a sweetness,
A virtue in which all ennobling thoughts dwelt,
Pure thoughts, kind thoughts, high thoughts, her sex's wonder!

—hadst thou not thy play-books, and books of jests and fancies, about thee, to keep thee merry, even as thou keepest all companies with thy quips, and mirthful tales?—Child of the Green Room, it was unkindly done of thee. Thy wife too, that part French, better part Englishwoman!—that *she* could fix upon no other treatise to bear away, in kindly token of remembering us, than the works of Fulke Greville, Lord Brook—of which no Frenchman, nor woman of France, Italy, or England, was ever by nature constituted to comprehend a tittle!—*Was there not Zimmerman on Solitude?*

Reader, if haply thou art blessed with a moderate collection, be shy of showing it; or if thy heart overfloweth to lend them, lend thy books; but let it be to such a one as S. T. C.—he will return them (generally anticipating the time appointed) with usury: enriched with annotations,

tripling their value. I have had experience. Many are these precious MSS. of his—in *matter* oftentimes, and almost in *quantity*, not unfrequently, vying with the originals)—in no very clerkly hand—legible in my Daniel; in old Burton; in Sir Thomas Browne; and those abstruser cogitations of the Greville, now, alas! wandering in Pagan lands.—I counsel thee, shut not thy heart, nor thy library, from S. T. C. ELIA.

FROM BALDWIN'S LONDON MAGAZINE.

SOME ACCOUNT OF JOHN CLARE, AN AGRICULTURAL LABOURER AND POET.

(Communicated by Octavius Gilchrist, Esq.)

Song was his favourite and first pursuit:
His infant muse, though artless, was not mute;
Of elegance as yet he took no care,
For this of time and culture is the fruit:
Perhaps he gained at last this fruit so rare,
For so in future verse we purpose to declare.—BEATTIE.

“A happy new year,” and the first number of a publication which has for its object to extend the influence of letters, and to aid the inquiries of science, may not be inaptly employed in introducing to the world a name, hitherto altogether unknown to literature, but which, if our estimate of genius be not more than commonly inaccurate, seems to merit a considerable portion of regard, while, at the same time, it stands in need of popular encouragement, and even protection. The time has not long passed—

And pity 'tis, so good a time had wings
To fly away—

when an aspiration, merely, toward loftier pursuits, among those to whom fortune has been sparing of her indulgence, has been fostered and encouraged by liberal natures, to whom the same fickle lady has been lavish of her bounties. The subsiding of the surprise which the appearance of extraordinary abilities in most unpromising situations had excited, and the failure of some pretensions not very judiciously countenanced, have, it is to be feared, engendered a feeling unfriendly, and somewhat obstinate, toward candidates better qualified. And yet it may be reasonably questioned, if the instances were collected and produced, of energies misapplied and talents ill-understood from a hasty belief of their competence to better things, whether the examples of those who have been generously and judiciously aided and encouraged in those more exalted pursuits for which the inexplicable gift of nature seemed to have designed them, would not considerably out-number the amount of failures. It requires no great exercise of the memory to call to mind the names of various claimants to poetic fame, whom unaided genius has, by her stirring influence alone, placed in a station of no inferior rank in literature; a station from which neither the sneers of envy nor the caprices of fashion are likely ever to displace them. Whether the *novus hospes* whose claims it is the purpose of the present essayist to present, shall hereafter be of that honoured tribe, it would be presumptuous and unjust to decide before his pretensions be examined. These claims, it must be candidly acknowledged, the recent and imperfect acquaintance of the present writer with his subject disqualifies him from satisfactorily submitting. The evidences, however, will not be long withheld: in the mean time, we shall content ourselves with a slight endeavour to excite that curiosity which we have, as yet, neither the means, nor, indeed, the inclination to fully satisfy.

In a conversation on literary subjects, during the spring of the present year, with my excellent friend Mr. Taylor, of Fleet Street, he inquired of me if I knew any thing of John Clare, an agricultural labourer in the neighbourhood of Stamford, of whose talent for poetical composition he then possessed a considerable number of specimens, transmitted to him by Mr. Drury, a bookseller at Stamford. The name was wholly unknown to me, and,—to drop the style royal and critical, and speak in the first person,—I cannot account for, nor excuse the indifference, by which the subject was afterwards permitted to escape altogether from my regard. Returning, a few days since, from the North of England, Mr. Taylor became my guest for a day or two; and, the name of Clare being repeated, I expressed a wish to see the person of whose abilities my friend's correct judgment pronounced so favourably. Mr. Taylor had seen Clare, for the first time, in the morning, and he doubted much if our invitation would be accepted by the rustic poet, who had now just returned from his daily labour, shy, and reserved, and disarrayed, as he was. In a few minutes, however, Clare announced his arrival by a hesitating knock at the door,—“between a single and a double rap,”—and immediately upon his introduction he dropped into a chair. Nothing could exceed the meekness, and simplicity, and diffidence with which he answered the various inquiries concerning his life and habits, which we mingled with subjects calculated or designed to put him much at his ease. Nothing, certainly, could less resemble splendour than the room into which Clare was shown; but there was a carpet, upon which it is likely he never previously set foot; and wine, of which assuredly he had never tasted before. Of music he expressed himself passionately fond, and had learned to play a little on the violin, in the humble hope of obtaining a trifle at the annual feasts in the neighbourhood, and at Christmas. The piano-forte he had heard, or supposed it must be *that* he heard, passing the house of a family, whose name I am not authorized to mention, and for whom, if I did name them, I should feel it difficult to express the affection that I feel. No plaudit could equal the acknowledgment paid to her voice, while the tear stole silently down the cheek of the rustic poet, as one of our little party sung the pathetic ballad of *Auld Robin Gray*. His account of his birth is melancholy enough. Nothing can be conceived much humbler than the origin of John Clare: poetry herself does not supply a more lowly descent. His father, who still resides, where the poet was born, at Helpstone (a village in Northamptonshire, seven miles distant from Stamford) while health and strength were his possession, was a daily labourer, but decrepitude has now reduced him to the parish for subsistence. His son, when of sufficient age, assisted his father in thrashing, and other agricultural labours;—at intervals, sometimes of great distance, attending a little school in the adjoining village of Glinton, where he learned to read and to write. Having there, also, attained the rudiments of arithmetic, his attention became riveted to figures, and without assistance, he mastered the first eight problems of Ward's Algebra, stimulated by the laudable but humble ambition of qualifying himself for the office of usher in a village school. The intricacies of mathematics, however, without a guide, at length subdued the zeal of the youth, while the excitement of fancy seduced him from the study of Bonycastle and Fenning. But to labour was the destiny of John Clare, and gardening being considered by his parents an occupation better fitted than the plough for a frame of no sturdy structure, he was sent for instruction to work in the gardens of the Marquis of Exeter, at Burghley; and, though the brutal disposition and dissolute habits of his teacher compelled him to relinquish his in-

structions at the end of nine months, it is to the use of the spade that Clare has ever since been indebted for his precarious and narrow subsistence; and, when the writer of this narrative first saw the poet, he had just quitted an engagement in the vicinity of Stamford, because his employer had reduced his stipend from eighteen to fourteen pence *per diem*! Under the circumstances here disclosed, it will not be supposed that Clare had ever much time for study, or even the means for study, if leisure had not been wanting. Beyond his Bible he had read nothing but a few odd volumes, the very titles of some of which he had forgotten, and others, which he remembered, were so utterly worthless, that I should shame to mention the names. A single volume of Pope, however, with the *Wild Flowers* of Bloomfield, and the writings of Burns, were sufficient to stimulate his innate genius for poetry.

From the early age of twelve, Clare amused his leisure minutes—for much beyond this the claims of needful industry did not afford him,—with short poetical efforts, which were regularly deposited in a chink in the wall,—*fissus erat rimâ*, as in that which parted Pyramus and Thisbe; whence, by a fate far more destructive than that which accompanied the manuscript of *Alma*, they were daily and duly subtracted by his mother to boil the morning's kettle. Let no scornful wag inquire if the dame thought her son's poetry *wanted fire*? Grave Bodley himself felt not more contempt than the good woman for all "baggage books," and—

—idle poetry,—
That fruitless and unprofitable art,
Good unto none, but least to the professors,

but which her son, perhaps, like young Knowell, "thought the mistress of all knowledge." To a question if he had preserved no copies of these earliest compositions, he calmly answered, "they were, he dared to say, good for nothing." The zeal of the young enthusiast was not to be subdued by the untoward fate of his poetical offspring; and, while, like the eggs of the ostrich scattered on the sands, some were ripened by the sun, while others were destroyed, amid much that perished by heedlessness, a few early compositions have still escaped. To form a fair judgment as to what is accomplished in poetry, it seems but common candour to take natural advantages and impediments into the estimate; and fancy, surely, can scarcely suggest scenery less fitted for the excitement of picturesque and vivid description, than the dank copses and sedgy margin of the fens: yet,—

(Nostra nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia.)

even in this unpromising situation there are objects out of which an acute observer of nature, aided by genius, can find fit motive for the muse, and such is the subject of the following sonnet, written at the age of sixteen.

TO A PRIMROSE.

Welcome, pale primrose, starting up between
Dead matted leaves of oak, and ash, that strew
The every lawn, the wood, and spinney through,
Mid creeping moss, and ivy's darker green.
How much thy presence beautifies the ground;
How sweet thy modest, unaffected pride
Glow's on the sunny bank and wood's warm side;
And where thy fairy flow'rs in groups are found,
The schoolboy roams enchantedly along,
Plucking the fairest with a rude delight;
While the meek shepherd stops his simple song,
To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight;—

O'erjoy'd to see the flow'rs that truly bring
The welcome news of sweet returning spring.

It would be presumptuous in me, having seen but two or three short poems, to pronounce that Clare's genius is not framed for sustained or lofty flights; it is enough for me to acknowledge, that the few little pieces which I have seen want the proofs of his capacity for such: but the most fastidious critic will allow, that the above little poem evinces minute observation of nature, delicacy of feeling, and fidelity of description; and that poetry affords few trifles of greater promise composed at so early an age and under equal disadvantages. The following, which combines these qualities with a strong moral and religious feeling, will be perused by some readers with still greater interest, though somewhat more incorrect in language, and answering less strictly to the legitimate structure of the sonnet, of which, it is pretty certain, the unlettered author knew nothing.

THE SETTING SUN.

This scene, how beauteous to the musing mind,
That now swift slides from my enchanted view!
The sun, sweet setting yon far hill behind,
In other worlds his visits to renew.
What spangling glories all around him shine,
What nameless colours, cloudless and serene!
A heavenly prospect, brightest in decline,
Attends his exit from this lovely scene.
So sets the Christian's sun in glories clear;
So shines his soul at his departure here;
No cloudy doubts nor misty fears arise
To dim hope's golden rays of being forgiven,
His sun, sweet setting in the clearest skies,
In meek assurance wings the soul to heaven.

It is always interesting, though somewhat painful, to trace the difficulties with which the poet of humble life has to contend. In the conversation with Clare of which I have already spoken, I gathered that these suggestions of the imagination were written, at intervals stolen from his hasty meals, with a pencil, upon small slips of paper laid on the crown of his hat. At night they were duly deposited in the chasm on the wall, as before related, like the bequest of the celebrated Noy to his son, "to be dispersed and wasted, for he hoped no better." *Pulchrorum Autumnus pulcher*, seems the universal feeling of poets, and I learned that the fall of the leaf was the season of Clare's poetical activity. Though remarked among his neighbours for his sequestered habits and poetical accomplishments, I was surprised to find that his talents had excited no interest in his behalf, and had consequently obtained him no efficient friend. He told me, indeed, that Mr. Holland, a Calvinistic preacher in an adjoining hamlet, had paid him some attention, but his means of aiding the needy youth was small, whatever might have been his wish, and he has now quitted his charge. I inquired if Clare frequented Mr. Holland's meeting-house? He had never heard him preach. "My father was brought up in the communion of the Church of England," he said, "and I have found no cause to withdraw myself from it." His modest demeanour and decent habits are every way creditable to the faith he has thus conscientiously adopted and adhered to.

As the person who has generously undertaken the charge of giving a selection of Clare's poems to the press, will most probably accompany the volume with some particulars of the author's life and habits, it were impertinent on my part to extend this paper, even if I were furnished with

materials; I shall therefore only add one other to the two specimens already adduced as examples of his poetical talents. The former are of a *sombre* and chastened description, according but too well with the cheerless condition of his present situation; the one I am about to offer is of a more lively character, and, while it evinces the susceptibility of his feelings and the promptness of his fancy, it proves also that nothing but a little friendly countenance and a more consoling prospect are wanting, to give animation, variety, and cheerfulness to his muse.

Our interview with Clare lasted about two hours; during the whole of which it was evident, notwithstanding our endeavours, that he was little at his ease, and was, perhaps, not sorry at being relieved from restraint: he had not parted from us more than ten minutes, when his sensations were thrown into verse, and sent to us in the shape of a poem, which he called—

THE INVITATION.

A witch or wizard, God knows what,
 Rallied at Drury's door like thunder,
 (Or riding besom—stick, or not)
 Her message struck a lout with wonder:
 She ask'd for Johnny,—“aye for what?”
 His muse had made him known, God speed her,—
 He hobbled up, put on his hat,
 And hung like ass behind his leader.
 The door was shown—he gave a tap—
 His fingers 'neath the knocker trembled;
 A lady hasten'd to the rap,
 She welcom'd in, *He* bow'd and mumbled.
 The finery dazzled a'e his sight,
 Rooms far too fine for clowns to bide in,
 He blinkt, like owls at candle-light,
 And vainly wish'd a hole to hide in.
 He sat him down most prim the night—
 His head might itch, he dare not scratch it;
 Each flea had liberty to bite,
 He could not wave a finger at it.
 But soon he prov'd his notions wrong,
 For each good friend, tho' finely 'pearing,
 Did put clown's language on his tongue,
 As suited well the rustic's hearing.
 He felt the gentry's kindness much,
 The Muse, she whisper'd “pen a sonnet,”
 “Ye can't gi'e less return for such,
 “So instantly begin upon it!”
 So, after gazing round about,
 And musing o'er his undertaking,
 Right glad was he to shamle out,
 With little ceremony making.

FROM THE SAME.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE NATURE AND IMPORTANCE OF MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE.

Important as are the duties which a medical man has daily to perform in restoring health and alleviating human sufferings, there are others of a more public nature, of no less importance, which he is sometimes called upon to discharge, and which claim an equal share of his study and attention. He is not unfrequently required to give evidence, in a court

of justice, on cases affecting the dearest interests of the community; and on his opinion may depend the life, the property, the liberty, or the reputation, of a fellow creature. In his professional capacity he may be called on to decide, whether a person has died from accident, violence, or natural causes;—whether the deceased has been murdered, or whether, with his own hand, he has put a period to his existence;—whether an individual be in such possession of his mental faculties as renders him competent to the management of his affairs, and makes him responsible for his actions;—or whether, from the loss, or perversion of reason, the noblest of our faculties, it may not be requisite, for the security of society, to deprive him of one of our first blessings,—liberty itself.

In questions of legitimacy, pregnancy, poisoning, defloration, and infanticide,—a medical opinion is always required; as well as in many cases where the health and welfare of the public are affected by the circumstances of trade, commerce, and police. In these, and in a multitude of cases, both criminal and civil, the decision of the court will, in a great measure—perhaps entirely—depend on medical evidence.

This application of the science of medicine to the composition of laws, and the administration of justice, is called *Medical Jurisprudence*; or, in its more comprehensive application,—*Forensic Medicine*.

When the body of an individual is found, after death, under circumstances which create suspicion; whether these circumstances arise out of the situation in which it is discovered, or the appearances which it exhibits,—justice, as well as the public voice, naturally requires, that an immediate investigation should take place. In accounting for occurrences of this description, it unfortunately too often happens, that the popular opinion exhibits more of zeal than of cool and correct judgment. The abhorrence so universally, and so naturally entertained of an assassin, with the love of the marvellous, so characteristic of the multitude, and the powerful influence of prejudice, are so many disqualifications for a calm and dispassionate investigation of a transaction involved in obscurity. Thus it often happens, that the most precipitate, violent, and unjust opinions are formed of occurrences, which, under a cool and deliberate course of inquiry, would be found to admit of a satisfactory explanation. The most limited acquaintance with history will convince any one, how very prone the vulgar are to indulge in foul suspicions respecting the death of exalted, or important personages; and if such circumstances are calculated to excite surmises of an unfavourable nature, it is not surprising that they should be entertained in cases, where death has been sudden and unexpected, or where the body exhibits marks of violence, or of diseased action.

Though we are ready to admit the beneficial consequences resulting from this watchful guardianship which the community consider themselves entitled to exercise over the lives and safety of their fellow citizens, we cannot altogether overlook the disadvantages attending it. While we lament the evils which spring from the operation of our worst passions, we must not forget that we have frequently to regret the consequences which occasionally arise from the injudicious indulgence of our best feelings. It would be no difficult task to adduce abundant proofs of the unfortunate consequences of the character which we have ascribed to the judicial decisions of the populace; and of the important aid which legal inquiries may derive from scientific knowledge, and professional experience. Deaths, which at first were considered as the consequence of some injury, inflicted by a desperate or malicious hand, have been traced by a skilful anatomist to a very different cause. Some of

our most fatal diseases carry on their unremitting work of destruction in silence, and unobserved, until the fatal moment, which arrives perhaps in the midst of security and seeming high health. How often do we see life unexpectedly extinguished by the progress of some latent internal disease; the rupture of a blood vessel, or the bursting of an abscess; events which are most likely to happen in the heat of altercation, in the midst of a scuffle, or in a paroxysm of rage. Hence we so frequently find cases of this nature made the subject of judicial proceedings, which can only be satisfactorily determined by having recourse to medical evidence. The professional knowledge and anatomical skill, which so often serve to detect the criminal, are no less frequently, and certainly far more gratefully instrumental, in tranquillizing the public mind, and perhaps rescuing from unmerited ignominy some innocent object of popular suspicion. The works of writers on the subject of medical jurisprudence, teem with instances, where the labours of medical men have been successful in bringing to justice the perpetrators of the darkest and most atrocious crimes, which otherwise would have passed unnoticed and unexpiated. They, at the same time, contain many instances in which an expert anatomist has been the happy means of demonstrating, to the full satisfaction of the legal tribunal, and the complete justification of the accused, the real cause of death. In these cases the most common grounds for the erroneous opinions respecting the way in which the deceased came by his death, have been the external appearances of the body, coupled with some previous circumstances in the history of the individual; perhaps an altercation with a neighbour, a blow inflicted, or a degree of malice or ill will, known to have been entertained by the suspected person. A superficial or common observer is very apt to err on such occasions. Some of those changes, which the body undergoes after death, from the spontaneous decomposition of its constituent parts, have a very great resemblance, in appearance, to marks of violence inflicted during life. There is no case in which a proper discrimination is more necessary and important than in this sort of inspection; and there are too many instances on record, where not only the spectators, but the medical attendants likewise, have been misled into an erroneous opinion respecting the cause of death by a hasty, careless, or ignorant investigation of the appearances which were observed on the surface of the body. The most recent, and certainly one of the most important examples of this nature, is to be found in the examination into the causes of the death of John Lees before the coroner at Oldham. Here the medical men, whose decision was awaited with the utmost anxiety by a whole empire, founded the most contradictory opinions on the appearances discoverable on the body of the deceased; each leading to a conclusion, respecting the cause of death, diametrically opposed to the others. No case can place in a stronger light the importance of a particular cultivation of this branch of medicine by the profession; and also the advantages which would attend a more general diffusion of some knowledge of this nature among the gentlemen of the bar; for a few judicious questions put to the medical witnesses, by ascertaining the grounds on which their evidence rests—would generally at last elicit the truth.

The same observations may be applied to cases, where the deceased has been supposed to have died in consequence of the criminal or accidental administration of poison. The derangement of the system which this deleterious class of substances produce, are of the most violent and rapid nature; but a medical man knows, that effects extremely similar in their character, may arise in particular constitutions, either sponta-

neously, or from the action of substances which are not usually reckoned poisonous. He will not, therefore, consider the mere assemblage of violent symptoms as convincing proof of the action of poison; but will suspend his opinion until he be enabled to ascertain the quality of the contents of the stomach and bowels, and detect, by means of chemical tests, the presence of the minutest quantity of poisonous matter. The extreme nicety, and the great accuracy with which chemical operations are now conducted, enable the expert chemist to detect the smallest quantity of mineral poisons, however disguised and involved it may be by its mixture with the food or juices contained in the stomach; and, by means of his art, he is in the constant practice of demonstrating, in the clearest manner, the cause of death resulting from violence of this kind, where otherwise it would have been all conjecture and suspicion.

It would be easy to enlarge upon the extensive range of important matters of this class, which must be necessarily submitted for decision to the skill and integrity of a medical man; but enough has been already said to place his professional character, and public capacity, in a far more exalted position than was contemplated even when he was styled the professor of the *divine art*.

When we consider the distinguished alliance thus shown to exist between medicine and justice, an alliance so honourable to the healing art and so important to the interests of society, we cannot avoid expressing our wonder and regret at the indifference with which it is regarded by the legislature, and the little care with which it is cultivated by the profession in this country. Of all our universities, one only possesses a chair from which this branch of medical science is taught; and this does not date its establishment beyond a few years back. Further—although in almost every instance in which an individual has been supposed to have lost his life by violence, a medical man is employed to investigate the cause of death, yet, in our judicial codes, there are no instructions relative to the selection of a competent person for that important office. The appointment is usually left to the relations of the deceased, or to any one who may feel inclined to interest himself in the case, without any regard being paid to the qualifications of the individual thus appointed or interfering, or to the rank which he holds in the profession. A person thus placed, perhaps by accident, in a situation of the first responsibility, receives no instructions how to proceed; attends to no regulated forms in his inspection of the body, takes no minutes of the appearances which present themselves, and leaves the chamber of death merely to report according to the best of his recollection, at some distant period on the awful question! When the day of trial arrives, the evidence is delivered without regularity or precision, depending often for its force and colouring on the skill and regularity of the contending council, whose interest and aim are, not unfrequently, to perplex the novice and invalidate his testimony. A physician of greater eminence is perhaps appealed to, and delivers a different opinion, which may lead to a different decision from what was anticipated. But it more commonly happens, that, amidst these conflicting opinions, the question, instead of being elucidated, becomes involved in greater obscurity, and the case is discharged with the satisfactory plea, of “who shall decide when doctors differ.”

This is no overcharged picture. It is indeed what might be expected from the unmerited neglect of this branch of the profession; a neglect with which we are charged by enlightened foreigners. It is a picture, in short, which any one who is at all conversant with the history of medico-judicial trials, will readily acknowledge to be a faithful one.

On the continent they have anticipated us in paying attention to this subject, and have far outstripped us in the progress they have made. From the first establishment of Forensic Medicine in France and Germany, in the time of Francis I. and Charles V. it has met with no small encouragement from the governments of those countries, and, from successive enactments of their legislatures, it has been enabled to keep pace with the advancement of those sciences on which it immediately depends. According to the French code, in every case where there are appearances of violent death, or other circumstances which give rise to suspicion, the body must not be buried until it has been inspected by a magistrate, accompanied by a physician or surgeon (*officier de santé*) whose duty it is to draw up a report of the state of the body, and the opinion he has formed respecting the cause of death. To insure the observance of these wise regulations, whoever shall, without proper authority, inter a body in cases where such rules are prescribed, shall be punished with fine and imprisonment. (*Code Napoleon.*)

In Germany the law is still more particular and imperative. In the German universities medical jurisprudence is made an indispensable branch of medical education, and such facilities are afforded by the legislature for the prosecution of its study, as cannot fail to render its theory and practice of easy acquisition. A code of rules is published, by which examinations are to be conducted and reports drawn up. All bodies which are not claimed, or which are found under suspicious circumstances, are publicly inspected before the students; and, throughout the Austrian dominions, a law exists, that every death shall be attested by the physician or surgeon who attended the patient, and who shall at the same time certify whether the disease was contagious or not.

These regulations are extremely judicious and highly worthy of imitation in other countries. The advantages which the public would derive from the more general diffusion of a knowledge of judicial medicine are obvious; but we must not overlook the benefit which would accrue to the profession itself by a particular cultivation of this subject.

It cannot be denied, that much of the obscurity and uncertainty in which medicine is involved, has arisen from a false mode of reasoning, which has been employed to introduce and support opinions alike discreditable to it as a science, and incompatible with its object as an useful art. Its most eminent and successful cultivators have always considered its perfection as only to be obtained by a patient observation, and a diligent accumulation of facts; for these they justly regarded as the sole and indispensable basis of good reasoning. The rigid adherence to the proper principles of evidence, and the utter inadmissibility in a court of justice of all testimony depending on assumption or supposition, would be advantageously applied to medical reasoning in general; and would contribute in no small degree to banish those vague and hypothetical doctrines which have so long retarded the progress of medicine.

By a general cultivation, and a liberal encouragement of this department of medicine, therefore, the public would be materially benefited, and the immediate improvement of the science itself would be promoted. Both these objects would perhaps be most certainly secured, by the appointment of competent professional individuals in every district, who should be called upon, in cases requiring a medical investigation, or opinion. By these means the character of the art for usefulness and respectability would no longer be endangered, by its most delicate and public cases being consigned to the ignorant, the timid, or the inexperienced.

After having said so much on the nature and object of medical jurisprudence, it will not be necessary to enlarge upon the qualifications required for the proper performance of its duties. Whoever would discharge these important functions with honour to himself and satisfaction to the public, must necessarily possess properties of a superior order, and extensive nature. To an accurate knowledge of his profession, as far as regards the nature and treatment of diseases, he must join an intimate acquaintance with the accessory branches of medical education; particularly natural history and chemistry. With these lights to guide him, and truth for his object, he must proceed fearlessly in his investigations, unbiassed by prejudice, unawed by clamour, and uninfluenced by the prospect of reward, or the apprehension of danger. His task must always be an arduous, and sometimes an unpleasant one; and when finished his best consolation may be the conviction of having faithfully performed it. But, sooner or later, the probability is, that his services would be duly appreciated and acknowledged. W. M. I.

REIGN OF MARY.

On the accession of Queen Mary to the throne, all the Protestant pupils were shut up; the most eminent preachers in London were put in confinement, and all the married clergy throughout the kingdom were deprived of their benefices. Dr. Parker calculates, that out of sixteen thousand clergymen, not less than twelve thousand were turned out. A few days after the queen had been proclaimed, there was a tumult at St. Paul's, in consequence of Dr. Bourne, one of the canons of that church, preaching against the reformation. He spoke in praise of Bishop Bonner, and was making some severe reflections on the late King Edward, when the whole audience rose in confusion. Some called out, "Pull down the preacher;" others threw stones; and one person aimed a dagger at the doctor, which stuck in the pulpit. Had it not been for the exertions of Mr. Bradford and Mr. Rogers, two popular preachers, for the reformation, he had certainly been sacrificed. These men, at the hazard of their lives, rescued him, and conveyed him in safety to a neighbouring house. This act of kindness was afterwards repaid by their imprisonment and death at the stake.

Science.

Compiled for the Saturday Magazine.

On the Ripening of Fruits.—In consequence of a prize question set forth by the Academy of Sciences, for the year 1821, three papers were received on the ripening of fruits, their effect on the air, &c. Of these, one written by M. Berard, of Montpellier, gained the prize, and it has since been published in the French Journal, *Annales de Chimie*, xvi. p. 152, 225. The memoir is long, and cannot well be abridged, but the author has himself given a summary at the end of his paper of which the following is a translation:

Fruit does not act like leaves on the air. The result of its action as well in light, as in darkness, is at every instant of its formation, a loss of carbon by the fruit, which combines with the oxygen of the air, and forms carbonic acid. This loss of carbon is essential to the ripening of the fruit, for when the fruit is placed in an atmosphere deprived of oxygen, this function becomes suspended, the ripening is stopped, and if the fruit remains attached to the tree, it dries up and dies.

A fruit which happens naturally to be enclosed in a shell may nevertheless ripen, because the membrane which forms the husk is permeable to the air. The communication between the external and internal air is so free that the two portions are always of uniform composition, so that when the air thus contained is analyzed, it is always found to be of the same composition as atmospheric air.

When fruits separated from the tree, but capable of completing their own ripening, are placed in media free from oxygen, they do not ripen: the power, however, is only suspended, and may be re-established by placing the fruit in an atmosphere capable of taking carbon from it. But if the fruit remain too long in the first situation, although it preserves the same external appearance nearly, it has entirely lost the power of ripening.

Hence it results, that most fruits and especially those that do not require to remain on the tree, may be preserved for some time, and the pleasure they afford us thus prolonged. The most simple process consists in placing at the bottom of a bottle, a paste formed of lime, sulphate of iron, and water, and afterwards to introduce the said fruit, it having been pulled a few days before it would have been ripe. These fruits are to be kept from the bottom of the bottle, and as much as possible from each other, and the bottle to be closed by a cork and cement. The fruits are thus placed in an atmosphere free from oxygen, and may be preserved for a longer or shorter time according to their nature; peaches, prunes, and apricots from twenty days to a month; pears, and apples for three months. If they are withdrawn after this time, and exposed to the air, they ripen extremely well; but if the times mentioned are much exceeded they undergo a particular alteration, and will not ripen at all.

Ripe fruit exposed to the air rots and decays. In this case it first changes the oxygen of the surrounding air into carbonic acid, and then liberates from itself a large quantity of the same acid gas. It appears that the presence of oxygen gas is necessary to the rotting or decay of fruits; when it is absent, a different change takes place.

When the fruit cannot ripen except on the tree, its ripening is not produced by a chemical change of the substances it contained whilst still green, but by the change of new substances furnished to it by the tree, and when it appears to lose the acid taste it had in its unripe state, it is because that taste is hidden by the large quantity of sugar it receives in ripening.

In the fruits which ripen off the tree, the quantity of sugar is also found considerably to increase; and in this case, it must be formed at the expense of the substances previously in the fruit. Gum and lignin are the only principles, the proportion of which diminish at the same time; it is therefore natural to conclude, that it is the portions of these substances which have disappeared, that have been converted into sugar: and as the lignin contains most carbon, it is natural to suppose it is from it the oxygen takes the carbon to form carbonic acid, that change so indispensable to ripening.*

Finally, the alteration the lignin suffers in the ripening, continues during the decay of the fruit. It becomes brown, and its decomposition occasions the formation of much carbonic acid. Sugar is also decomposed at this time, and it is to its disappearance, that the peculiar taste of decayed fruits is to be attributed. The sugar in its decomposition also gives rise, no doubt, to the formation of carbonic acid.

* M. Berard in a note says, it is difficult to suppose that in those fruits that ripen early on the tree, all the sugar should be sent into the fruit from the plant; it is more probable that the fruit acts on the air, and forms sugar like the other fruits, but not in sufficient quantity, and that therefore, it is necessary recourse should be had to the tree, to complete its ripening.

Agriculture.



"Let us cultivate the ground, that the poor, as well as the rich, may be filled; and happiness and peace be established throughout our borders."

ON WHEAT TURNING TO CHEAT.

(Continued from page 380.)

From the foregoing circumstances which I have enumerated, it clearly appears, that in order to a production of a different kind in vegetables, as well as in animals, the parents must be of the same species. It also further appears, that there is no affinity or amatorial attachment between the plants; that they do not form a sexual-intercourse for the purpose of seminal production; and are constitutionally different in their nature and inimical to each other. Hence it is that in a heavy crop of wheat or rye, the cheat is so far checked in its growth, that it generally shoots up but a solitary stalk; whereas, on the contrary, in the failure of the crop of either of the former plants, it shoots up with great luxuriance, and is wonderful in its increase of seed. Having nearly exhausted the reader's patience as well as my own by the foregoing observations, it is high time for me to endeavour to account for the change which took place in Judge Preston's wheat, in the spring of 1800, as stated in his communication to the Philadelphia Agricultural Society.

The parts in the communication which I have alluded to, are in these words: "I had a few acres of wheat on new ground that looked very well before the snow fell; the back water covered it for upwards of twenty-four hours, and left it covered with mud; the consequence was, *it turned all to cheat*, and when harvest came, there was a heavy load of cheat and not a stalk of wheat to be found. Strange as this may appear, Nicholas Depui, esq. late of Minnisink, informed me, that by the great spring fresh in 1772, he also had a field of wheat all turned to cheat by being covered with water twenty-four hours or upwards. I had also some rye covered like my wheat, and I believe it was of benefit to it, for it was unusually good. In April, 1814, my wheat was partially covered with back water, and partially turned to cheat; the rye was manifestly benefited; I never saw better."

For a person who resided in the county of Bucks at the time, rationally to account for a phenomenon which appeared at Stockport upwards of twenty years ago, is not a very easy undertaking; and the more especially as the person making the communication, was a proselyte to the doctrine of wheat turning to cheat, and would give to his communication a bearing favourable to his own opinion. It will therefore readily be perceived, that the circumstances related in the communica-

tion can be accounted for at this distant period, only by a statement of general principles. If I had been present at the time, and had an opportunity of making observations for myself, I have no doubt I should have been able to make it appear, that the change which he states to have taken place, was not a metamorphose but the effect of a natural cause, and could be accounted for upon rational principles. Fortunately for my undertaking, Judge Preston has related other circumstances in his communication, which throw great light upon the subject, and as it does not appear that he had any interest in the question, I am disposed to give full credit to the whole of the circumstances related in the communication.

From a perusal of the beautifully descriptive and interesting treatise on the anatomy of plants, in Dr. Darwin's *Phytologia*, to which I refer the reader, the treatise itself being much too lengthy for an insertion, it appears, that there are parts in the anatomy of vegetables correspondent to those in the animal economy. A threefold system of absorbent vessels, similar to the lacteals and lymphatics in animals and the placentation of the animal foetus, pulmonary systems, arterial systems, &c. That in the lungs of animals the blood, after having been exposed to the air in the extremities of the pulmonary artery, is changed in colour, from a deep red to a bright scarlet; it is then collected by the pulmonary vein and returned to the heart; so in the vegetable economy, the circulations of the respective fluids, are carried on in the vessels of plants precisely as in animal bodies. The sap is exposed to the action of the atmosphere, in the terminations of arteries, in the same manner as the blood in animals is exposed to the air in the pulmonary artery. The leaves are their immediate organs of respiration, and vital air is as necessary to their existence, as it is to that of the animal part of the creation.

Judge Preston has stated in his communication, "that the back water covered his wheat for upwards of twenty-four hours, and left it covered with mud, and the consequence was, it turned all to cheat, and when harvest came there was a heavy load of cheat and not a stalk of wheat to be found." The wheat of course was all drowned or suffocated in the mud! It is a heavy disaster to be sure, where not a solitary individual escapes to tell the tale of woe! This, however, has sometimes been the case, as history sufficiently points out to us.

He has also stated in the same communication, that on the 28th of August, 1814, there came another periodical fresh in the river Delaware, in which the water raised a few inches higher than ever marked before by any of the fourteen years floods, which swept every thing before it, and the damage was great. Bridges, milldams, &c. all went together and left a clear channel. "My pompions, cucumbers, melons, and beans, were totally killed wherever the water came; where the water covered the tassels of the corn, it killed it totally; where it covered the silks of the ears, those ears neither grew nor ripened any more; where it only came round the stalk below the ears, it had no perceivable effect; the buckwheat was covered all over and bent down with a load of mud, it kept green until frost, but ceased to grow; my potatoes were all under water; the tops did not appear to be killed, but neither tops nor roots grew any more. The second crops in the meadows did not grow through the mud as in the spring of the year. My turnips were a curiosity; they were covered with water from ten to twelve or fifteen feet deep, the water left them covered with mud three, four, or six inches deep. I thought them all dead; late in the fall they began to peep out; on examining them

they were very small; the snow fell before the ground froze, they put out again in the spring, were grown to a large size, and I never saw such good sweet turnips before, nor so many for the ground; but they were of short duration; they would grow in or out of the ground."

(*To be continued.*)

Variety.

FATHER AND SON.

Among the cases of suffering by the wreck, in 1686, of the vessel in which the Siamese embassy to Portugal was embarked, few have stronger claims to pity than that of the captain. He was a man of rank, sprung from one of the first families in Portugal; he was rich and honourable, and had long commanded a ship in which he rendered great service to the king his master, and had given many marks of his valour and fidelity. The captain had carried his only son out to India along with him; he was a youth, possessed of every amiable quality; well instructed for his years; gentle, docile, and most fondly attached to his father. The captain watched with the most intense anxiety over his safety: on the wreck of the ship, and during the march to the Cape, he caused him to be carried by his slaves. At length all the slaves having perished, or being so weak that they could not drag themselves along, this poor youth was obliged to trust to his own strength; but became so reduced and feeble, that having laid him down to rest on a rock, he was unable to rise again. His limbs were stiff and swollen, and he lay stretched at length, unable to bend a joint. The sight struck like a dagger to his father's heart; he tried repeatedly to recover him, and by assisting him to advance a few steps, supposed that the numbness might be removed; but his limbs refused to serve him, he was only dragged along, and those whose aid his father implored, seeing they could do no more, frankly declared, that if they carried him they must themselves perish.

The unfortunate captain was driven to despair. Lifting his son on his shoulders, he tried to carry him; he could make but a single step, when he fell to the ground with his son, who seemed more distressed with his father's grief, than with his own sufferings. The heroic boy besought him to leave him to die; the sight, he said, of his father's tears and affliction, were infinitely more severe than the bodily pain he endured. These words, far from inducing the captain to depart, melted him more and more, until he at last resolved to die with his son. The youth, astonished at his father's determination, and satisfied that his persuasions were unavailing, entreated the Portuguese in the most impressive manner, to carry away his father.

Two priests who were of the party, endeavoured to represent to the captain the sinfulness of persisting in his resolution; but the Portuguese were obliged finally to carry him away by force, after having removed his son a little apart. So cruel, however, was the separation, that the captain never recovered it. The violence of his grief was unabating; and he actually died of a broken heart, one or two days after reaching the Cape.

FIRE AT SEA.

Perhaps the most aggravating circumstances under which shipwreck can occur, are when it is occasioned by fire. It is then that death stares the mariner in the face in the most hideous form, while his means of coun-

teracting the danger, or escaping from it, are more limited and effectual. Not many disasters of this nature have been so calamitous as the burning of a French East Indiaman, *The Prince*. She sailed from Port L'Orient, on the 19th of February, 1752, on a voyage outward bound. She suffered much in the passage from being driven on a sand bank. In June she was discovered to be on fire. While the captain hastened on deck, lieutenant de la Fond ordered some sails to be dipped in the sea, and the hatches to be covered with them, in order to prevent access of air. Every one was employed in procuring water; all the buckets were used, the pumps plied, and pipes introduced from them into the hold; but the rapid progress of the flames baffled every exertion to subdue them, and augmented the general consternation. The boatswain and three others took possession of the yawl, and pushed off; but those on board still continued as active as ever. The master boldly went down into the hold, but the intense heat compelled him to return; and had not a quantity of water been dashed over him, he would have been severely scorched. In attempting to get the long-boat out, it fell on the guns and could not be righted.

Consternation now seized on the crew; nothing but sighs and groans resounded through the vessel; and the animals on board, as if sensible of the impending danger, uttered the most dreadful cries. The chaplain who was now on the quarter deck, gave the people general absolution, still cheering them to renewed exertions; but

“With fruitless toil the crew oppose the flame;
No art can now the spreading mischief tame;
Some chok'd and smother'd did expiring lie,
Burn with the ship, and on the waters fry;
Some, when the flames could be no more withstood,
By wild despair directed, midst the flood
Themselves in haste from the tall vessel threw,
And from a dry to liquid ruin flew.
Sad choice of death! when those who shun the fire,
Must to as fierce an element retire,
Uncommon sufferings did these wretches wait,
Both burnt and drown'd, they met a double fate.”

Self-preservation now was the only object; each was occupied in throwing overboard whatever promised the least chance of escape; yards, spars, hencoops, and every thing to be met with, was seized in despair, and thus employed. Some leaped into the sea, as the mildest death that awaited them; others more successful, swam to fragments of the wreck, while some crowded on the ropes and yards, hesitating which alternative of destruction to choose. A father was seen to snatch his son from the flames, and clasp him to his breast; then plunging into the waves, they perished in each other's embrace.

“What ghastly ruin then deformed the deep!
Here glowing planks, and flowing ribs of oak,
Here smoking beams, and masts in sunder broke.”

The floating masts and yards were covered with men struggling with the watery element, many of whom now perished by balls discharged from the guns as heated by the fire, forming thus a third means of destruction. M. de la Fond, who had hitherto borne the misfortune with the greatest fortitude, was now pierced with anguish to see that no further hope remained of preserving the ship, or the lives of his fellow sufferers. Stripping off his clothes, he designed slipping down a yard, one end of which dipped in the water, but it was so covered with miserable

beings shrinking from death, that he tumbled over them, and fell into the sea. There a drowning soldier caught hold of him. Lieutenant de la Fond made every exertion to disengage himself, but in vain; twice they plunged below the surface, but still the man held him until the agonies of death were passed, and he became loosened from his grasp. After clearing his way through the dead bodies, which covered the surface of the ocean, de la Fond seized on a yard, and afterwards gained a spritsail covered with people, but on which he was nevertheless permitted to take a place. He next got on the mainmast, which having been consumed below, fell overboard, and after killing some in its fall, afforded a temporary succour to others.

Eighty persons were now on the mainmast, including the chaplain, who by his discourse and example, taught the duty of resignation. Lieutenant de la Fond, seeing the worthy man quit his hold and drop into the sea, lifted him up. "Let me go," said he, "I am already half drowned, and it is only protracting my sufferings."—"No, my friend," the lieutenant replied, "when my strength is exhausted, but not till then, we will perish together."

The flames still continued raging in the vessel, and the fire at last reached the magazine, when the most thundering explosion ensued; and nothing but pieces of flaming timber, projected aloft in the air, could be seen threatening to crush to atoms in their fall numbers of miserable beings, already struggling in the agonies of death. Lieutenant de la Fond, with the pilot and master, now escaped to the yawl; and as night approached, they providentially discovered a cask of brandy, about fifteen pounds of pork, a piece of scarlet cloth, about twenty yards of linen, a dozen of pipe staves, and a small piece of cordage. The scarlet cloth was substituted for a sail, an oar was erected for a mast, and a plank for a rudder. This equipment was made in the darkness of the night, and a great difficulty yet remained; for wanting charts and instruments, and being nearly two hundred leagues from the land, the party felt at a loss how to steer.

Eight days and nights passed in miserable succession without land being seen, the party all the while exposed to the scorching heat of the sun by day, and to the intense cold by night, suffering too from the extremities of hunger and of thirst.

When every thing seemed to predict a speedy termination to the sufferings of this unfortunate crew, they discovered the distant land on the 3d of August. It would be difficult to describe the change which the prospect of deliverance created. Their strength was renovated, and they were roused to precautions against being drifted away by the current. They reached the coast of Brazil, and entered Tresson Bay. As soon as they reached the shore, they prostrated themselves on the ground, and in transports of joy rolled on the sand. They exhibited the most frightful appearance; some were quite naked, others had only shirts in rags; and scarcely any thing human characterized any of them. When deliberating on the course they should follow, about fifty Portuguese of the settlement advanced, and seeing their wretched condition, pitied their misfortunes, and conducted them to their dwellings, where they were hospitably entertained.

The chief man of the place next came, and conducted lieutenant de la Fond and his companions to his house, where he charitably supplied them with linen shirts and trowsers, and with a plenteous meal. Though sleep was almost as necessary as food, yet the survivors would not retire to rest, until they had returned thanks for their miraculous deliverance in the church, which was half a league distant.

They were afterwards conducted to Paraibo, and thence to Pernambuco, where they embarked the 5th of October; they reached Lisbon on the 17th of December, whence they procured a passage to Port L'Orient. Nearly three hundred persons had perished in this dreadful catastrophe.

SINCERITY.

La Bruyere is strong in his commendation of Father Seraphin, an apostolical preacher. The first time (he says) that he preached before Louis XIV., he said to this monarch, "Sire, I am not ignorant of the custom according to the prescription of which I should pay you a compliment. This I hope your majesty will dispense with; for I have been searching for a compliment in the Scriptures, and unhappily, I have not found one."

The Parisian Council of Health has just published the result of its labours during 1820. Among the discoveries which have particularly attracted attention, are, a fermented liquor called CLARET, extremely refreshing and economical, and calculated to be a substitute for beer and cider; and, a liquor for keeping eggs fresh for the space of a year.

Poetry.

APOLOGUE.

The thought suggested by a Spanish saying.

"AIR—FIRE—WATER—SHAME."

WATER.

Seek for me in the Arab maid's bower,
Where the fountain plays over the jasmine flower;
Seek for me in the light cascade,
The minstrel lists in the green-wood shade;
Seek me at morn 'mid the violet's dyes;
Seek me where rainbows paint April skies;
In the blue rush of rivers, the depths of the sea,
If we should sever, there seek for me.

FIRE.

Seek for me where the war-shots meet,
Where the soldier's cloak is his winding sheet;
Seek for me where the lava wave,
Bursts from Etna's secret cave;
Seek for me where Christmas mirth
Brightens the circle of love round your hearth;
Where meteor-flames glance, where the stars are bright,
Where the beacon flashes at the dead midnight;
Where the lightning scathes the tall oak tree,
If we should sever, there seek for me.

AIR.

Seek for me where the Spanish maid
Hearkens at eve to the serenade;
Seek for me where the clouds are dark,
Where the billows foam round the sinking bark;
Where the aspen leaf floats on the summer's gale,
Where the rose bends low at the nightingale's tale;
Where the wind-harp wakens in melody,
If we should sever, there seek for me.

SHAME.

Seek not me, if we should sever,
Parted once, we part for ever.

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